

The Almost Complete MORTY COMIX

Steve Willis



I THINK
BEFORE I
DO...



OR, AT LEAST
I THINK
I THINK
BEFORE I DO...



WELL, I
SAY I THINK
I THINK BEFORE
I DO, BUT DO
I MEAN IT...?



...I THINK SO...



The Almost Complete Collected MORTY COMIX Steve Willis

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT, at the end of the month of February, in the year of nineteen and eighty-three, one known as Steve the Willis (or, as he be known to his close friends, Mr. Willis sir), took onto himself a small piece of paper, and did fold this in half, thereby forming out of the nothingness (well, almost nothingness), a small booklet of four pages. And yea, verily, he did then take onto himself an instrument for the making of marks, and he did draw a drawing upon each of that paper's four faces. And thus was born onto the world the first "Morty Comix." And this first one, also known to us as "number the one", was sent to he called "Gato" on a tiny spot of soil far off in the vastness of the ocean called Specific. And the "Morty Comix" did move upon the face of the Earth, and they were fruitful and did multiply like rabbits as upon endless quantities of Spanish the Fly. And the rest, of course, is history.

From that time through the first week of March, 1984, Steve did another 999 of these little things. He put a Morty Comix into every single letter he sent out during that time, excepting for purely business or professional correspondence. So, while you sit there totally amazed at the amount of creative work he had to put into doing all those drawings, consider as well that he had to write around 1,000 letters to wrap them all up in! And let's not even mention postage costs, as that'll just start Steve crying again.

These little books ran a wide range of sizes and formats, although most of them were the same simple four-page fold type as described above. As an example of the range of sizes these covered, consider that all the images in this book are reproduced at exactly one-half of their original size, and that virtually all of them were full-page drawings in the books they were copied from. As well, for those of you hot for the tiniest technical details, most of the work was done in ball-point pen on colored paper stocks—making the clear reproduction of those images sometimes a real pain to get! But then it was never Steve's intention when he started this series that they would end up printed. It was more an exercise in, as I like to think of it, guerrilla cartooning. He drew quickly, struck often, and always left his victim helpless on the floor—usually with laughter. There is, of course, the "official" explanation of all this by the perpetrator himself: "I started the series for several reasons. Primarily, to drive complete collectors nuts. Also, it gave me a chance to just play around and have fun. What can I say? Why did I do it? I guess it really boils down to this: Just for the hell of it."

I think Steve can therefore feel that this book helps him even more in his goal of driving all collectors nuts, a noble ambition to be sure. The fact that he did 1,000 of these, and then sent them out to some 213 different people all over the country, makes it a virtual certainty that no one will ever get to see more than a small fraction of the total output. It took me several months of working through the mails, with Steve's help, to track down and obtain the 150 books used to put together this collection. I finally ended up with some 645 separate images to edit down to the 312 in here, plus packing in as many covers as I could get on the, er, cover. When you consider that there are over 4,000 separate images in the whole series, you'll understand why this is definitely an "almost" complete collection!

The reason I wanted to publish this was because I was so amazed, not only with Steve's concept of this type of project—almost as much a piece of performance art as it is anything else—but with the actual images themselves. The main body of the work is made up of the wild and wonderful people that seem to all jostle for elbow room in Steve's mind, with the ones in here those lucky enough to have made it onto paper. It's a wide variety of personalities, each looking like they must have incredibly fascinating life stories to tell. With them are the other strange animals and machines and floating heads and what-not that flow from his pen. And, of course, there is Morty the Dog himself, showing up again and again in every possible way, and some impossible ones to boot! I know that this small collection can in no way really give more than a slight taste of the entire series, but hopefully it will be enough for those of you who have missed out on the originals—or even those who have, but wanted to see more.

I should add that at this writing, late September of 1984, Steve is actually contemplating starting it all up again with number 1,001 sometime in the near future. Whether or not this is a threat or a promise depends on how you react to the work in this book. But I do think it would be a good idea to get your children off the streets, lock all of your doors, and wait by your front door in the hopes that someday you, too, will find a Morty in your mailbox.

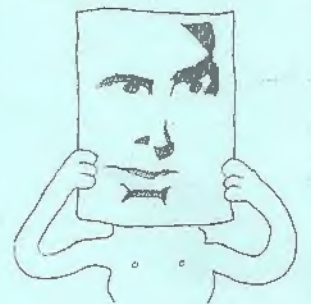
—Brad W Foster

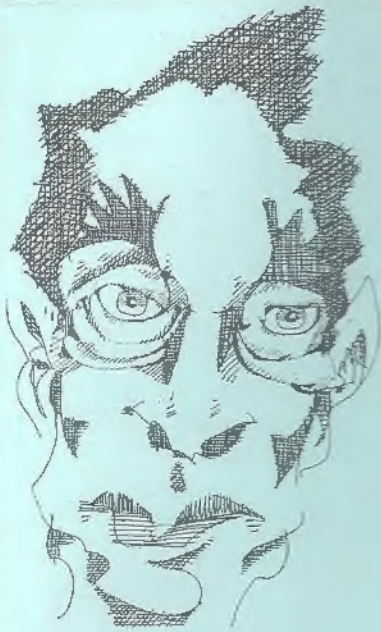
I'd like to give special thanks to the following people for loaning me their own personal copies of the various Morty's used in putting this collection together, and for trusting me to return them when done. (I still haven't decided if I will yet.....) Jamie Alder, Hank Arakelian, Tom Brinkmann, Lynn Hansen, Jay Kennedy, David Miller, Marc Myers, Jim Ryan, Steve Scharff, Joe Schnide, Robert Stump, Bruce Sweeney, and Steve Tussey.

THE ALMOST COMPLETE COLLECTED MORTY COMIX, \$2.00 per copy. Published October, 1984 by Jabberwocky Graphix, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX, 75038 (pub 059) All artwork is copyright 1984 by Steve Willis. Editing and cover design by Brad W Foster. For a complete listing of all Jabberwocky Graphix publications available, send \$1.00 for a fully illustrated catalogue.

2 THIS SPECIAL ONE ONLY "BLUE GUTS" COPY IS PRESENTED TO MR. STEVE WILLIS IN RECOGNITION OF HIS ATTEMPT TO DRIVE COLLECTOR'S NUTS! —Brad W Foster

WORTH
COMIX







HI KIDDIES, I'M A CUTE
LITTLE ANIMAL, AND I'M
DEAD TOO! BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT, YOU'LL GROW AND
DIE... JUST LIKE ME!



REALITY
ORIENTATION
LESSON



MORTY
COMIX
#53



THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN
IS TOTAL DISASTER....
SO WHY
WORRY?



AND IN HIS
DYING BREATH,
THE EMPEROR
JULIAN, KNOWN
AS THE
"APOSTATE",
SAID,
"GOD HATES
ME
BECAUSE
I'M AN
ATHYIST..."



MORTY
COPTER

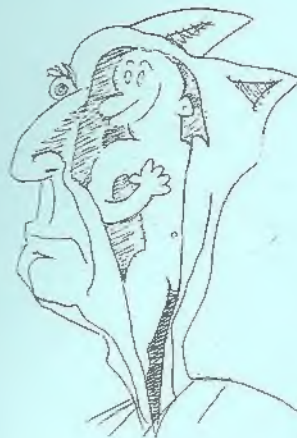
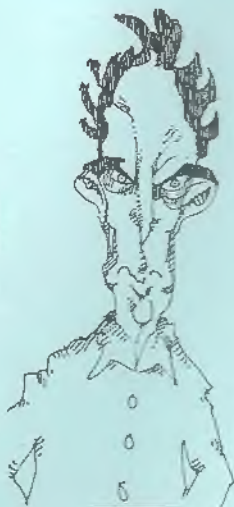




WHITE SLAVE OF GOD---



MRS.
MCNUDDLE
CAN
WALK ON
WATER
AND SHE
FEELS
PRETTY GODDAMN
SUPERIOR ABOUT
IT, TOO



ROUSON
RABBIT
ACTUALLY
ENJOYS
THE PAIN
INFLECTED
FROM
THE
"EAR-
MORTS"





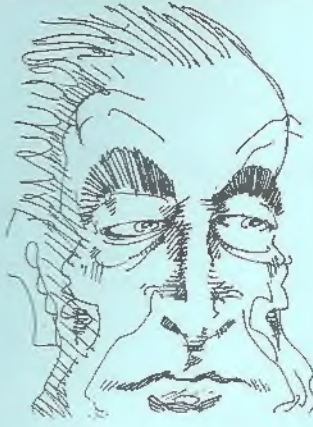
"YIPES," MORTY SUDDENLY
REALIZED, "TO BE IS TO DIE."
OH ME, OH MY!"



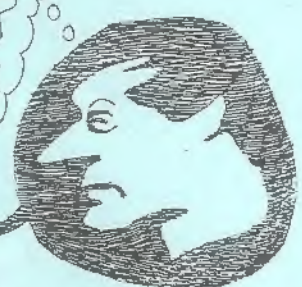
MORTY'S COUSIN,
COL. CANINE -

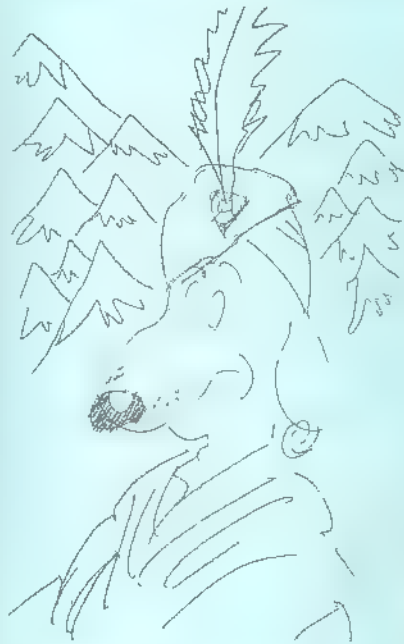


MORTY'S
"MR. TOO-BUSY-
TO-WRITE"
COUSIN,
MILDEWORTH.



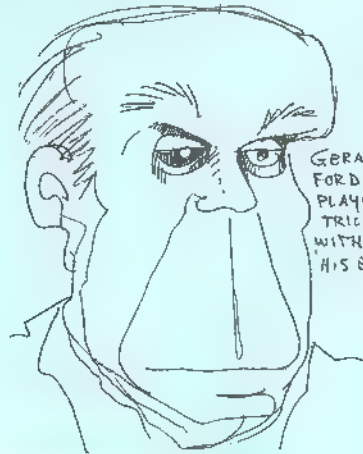
MORTY
COMIX
#31



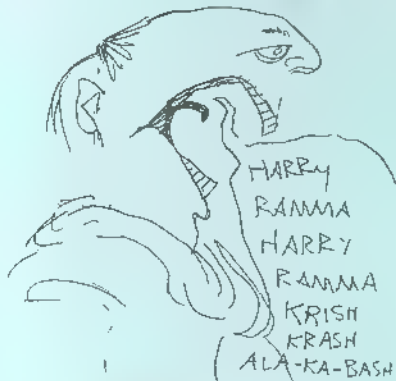




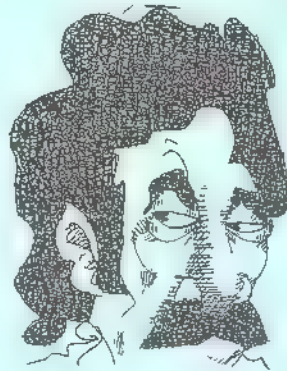
ALL I KNOW IS
DOORKNOBS... DOORKNOBS
IS MY LIFE..



GERALD
FORD
PLAYING
TRICKS
WITH
HIS EYES.



HARRY
RAMMA
HARRY
RAMMA
KRISH
KRASH
ALA-KA-BASH

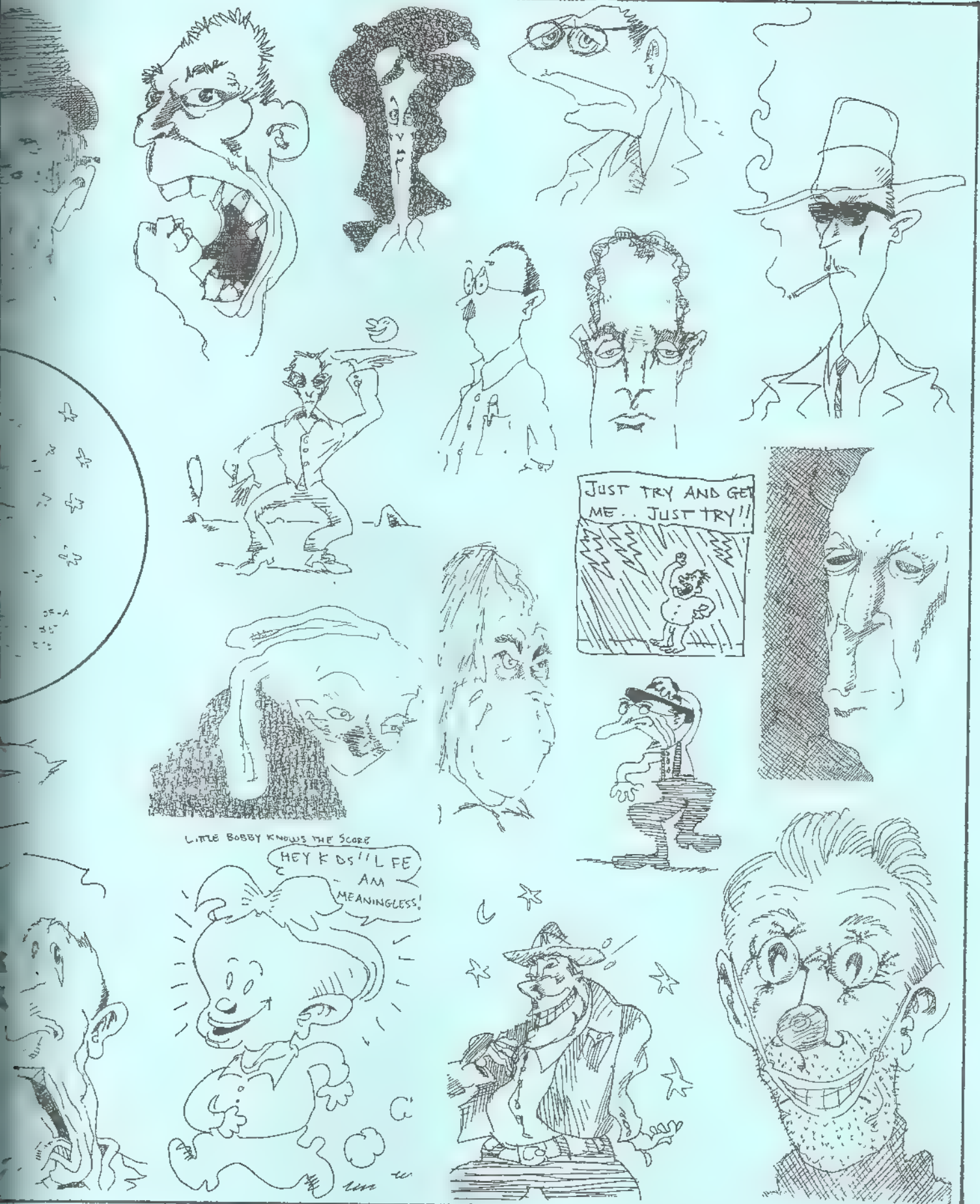


MORTY, THE EGOT'S
B TCH, FANCES H
THE CENTER OF
THE VERY NER.



GERK!





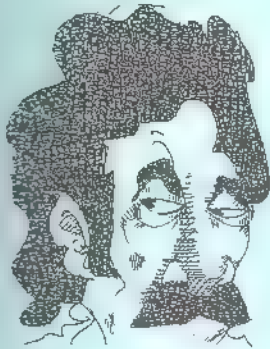
LITTLE BOBBY KNOWS THE SCORE

HEY KIDS!! I FEEL
AM
MEANINGLESS!

JUST TRY AND GET
ME... JUST TRY!!



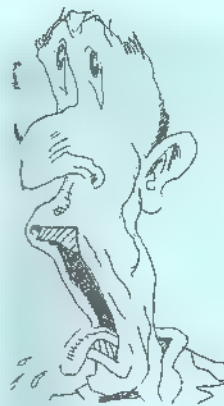
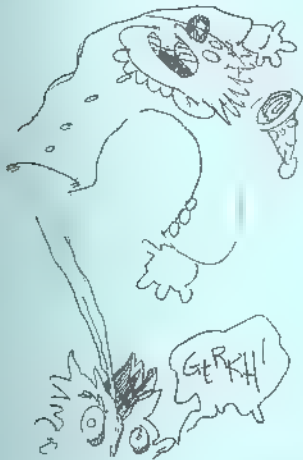
GERALD FORD
PLAYING
TRICKS
WITH
HIS EYES.



MORTY, THE EGOTISTICAL SON OF-A-BITCH, FANCIES HIMSELF TO BE
THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE!
THE VERY NERVE OF IT!

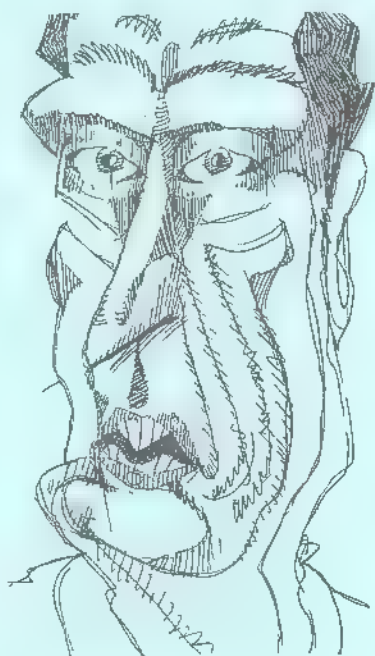


LITTLE BOBBY KNOWS THE SCORE
HEY KIDS!! I FEEL
AM
MEANINGLESS.

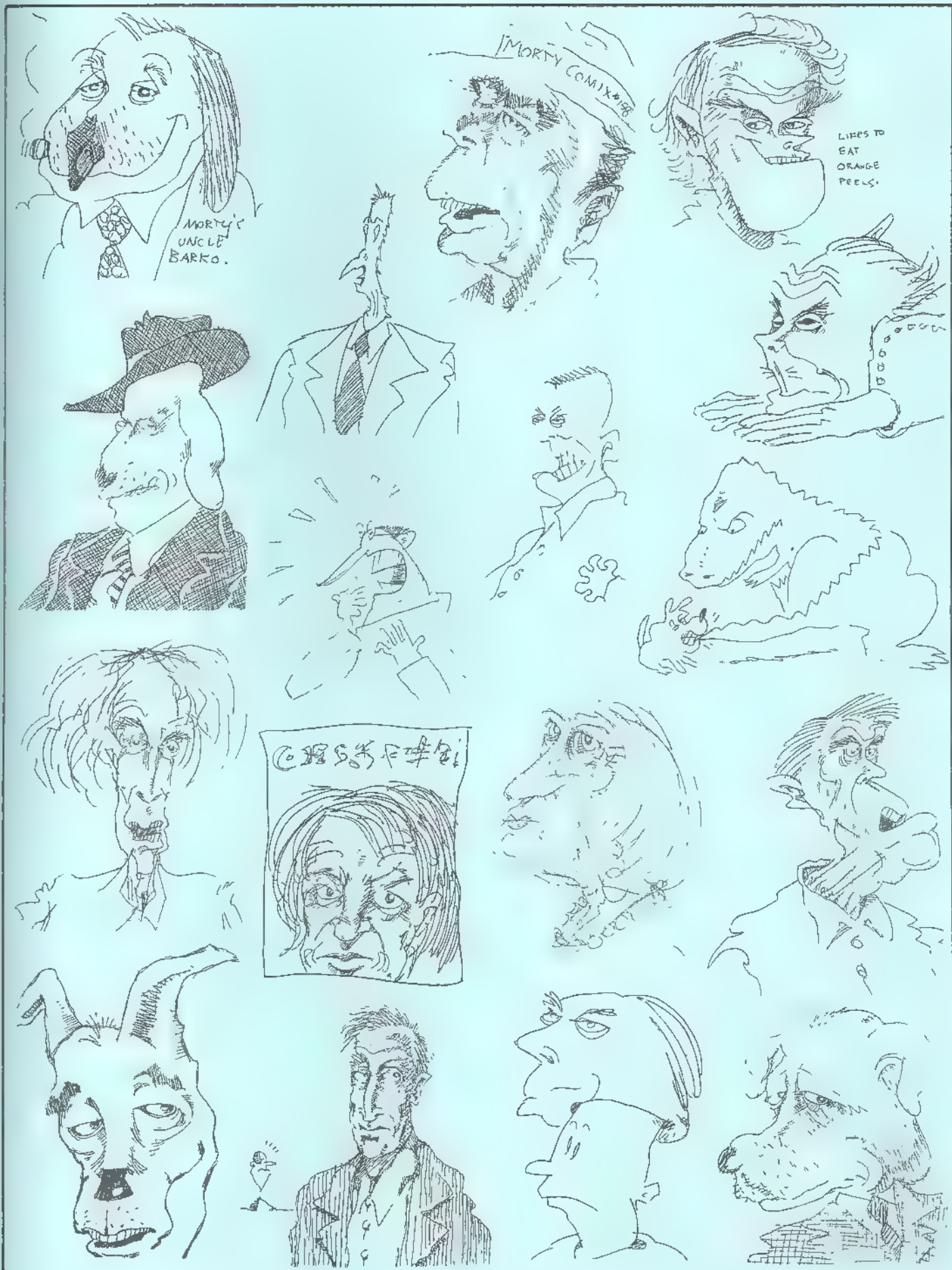




THIS WOMAN HAS AN I Q OF 190. SHE HAS POEMS PUBLISHED BY BLACK SPARROW PRESS SHE THREATENED TO SMASH MY CAR WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER, THEN KILL ME, THEN KILL HERSELF."

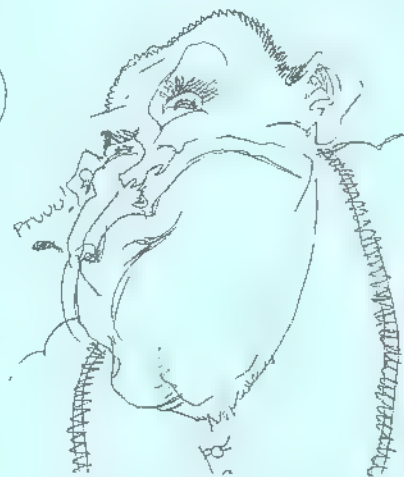
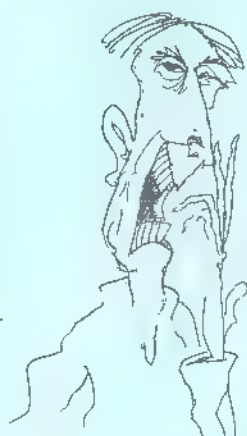


"BUT WHEN I LEFT TOWN SHE TOOK ONLY A WEEK TO FIND ANOTHER GUNP."

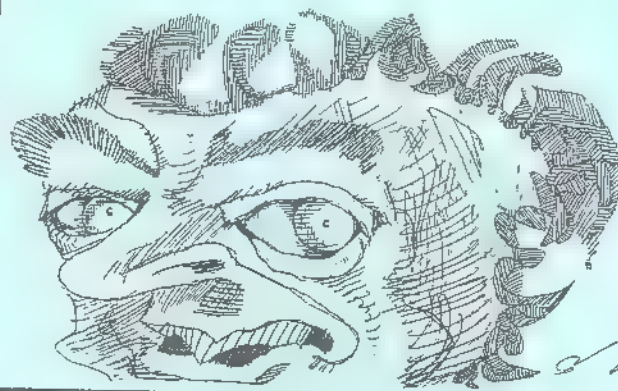




MORTY'S
COUSIN,
GITO, A
PRETENTIOUS
POET WHO
CLAIMS TO HAVE
THE ABILITY TO
COMMUNICATE WITH
VIBRONS IN THE SPIRIT
WORLD



H, I'M FRED WITH THE WORMS,
HERE'S THE SAMPLE IN THE BAG

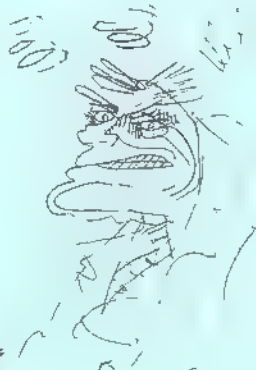
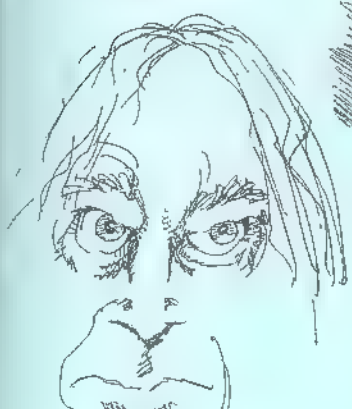


THIS DAMN MORTY JUST WON'T

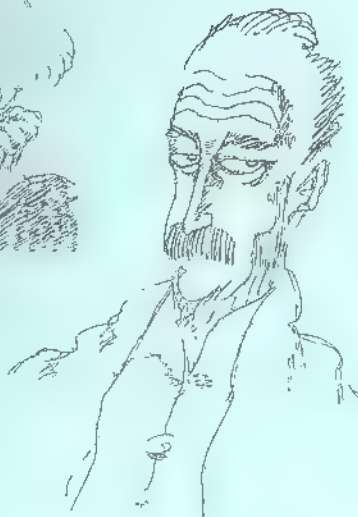


MORTY'S YOUNG PROFESSIONAL
COUSIN, BOSUMETH

BEFORE RUNNING OUT
BE NEARBY AND
SINKING OUR
CHOPS INTO THE
MAIL MAN'S LEG
LET'S DO A
FEASIBILITY
STUDY
ON IT



ROY
COMIX





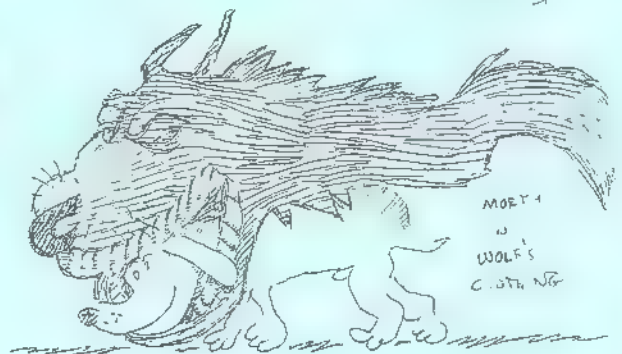
AGING
DEBUTANTI



SKIPPY! SKIPPY! TIME FOR YOUR WALK!



NEITHER CREATOR OR
CREATEE KNOW WHATS
WHAT!



MOET
WOLF'S
C. 1974 NG



OK, SMARTY
PANTS WHO
ARE YOU
REALLY,
HIDING LIKE
THAT IN YOUR
DOG SUIT?

NNNGHI



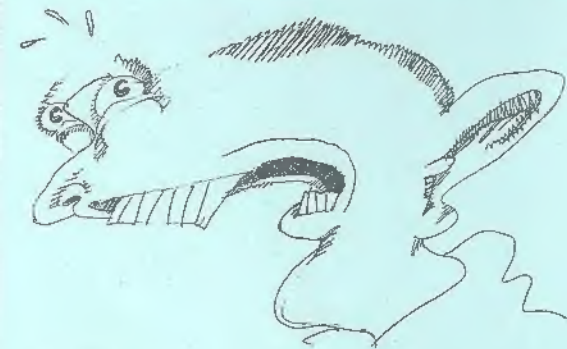
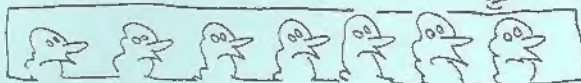
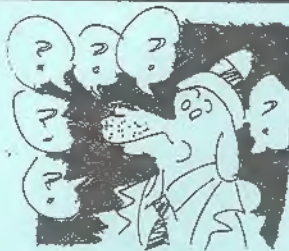
SELF-GENERATED



ELMER TALKS WITH GOD, AND
GOD TELLS ELMER THAT HE IS HIS
OWN...



M	0	R	TY
C	0	M	IX
X	2	0	8



HINTS OF SHOWERS --



WE'RE OFF TO FIND THE MEANING,
THE WONDERFUL MEANING OF LIFE!
TO BE IS TO DIE
OH ME, OH MY,
WE CAN ONLY WONDER WHY,
BECAUSE BECAUSE BECAUSE
BECAUSE BECAUSE...
MAN KNOWS NOT WHAT HE DOES...
WE'RE OFF TO FIND THE MEANING,
THE WONDERFUL MEANING OF LI-I-I-I-FE!



BUS STOP

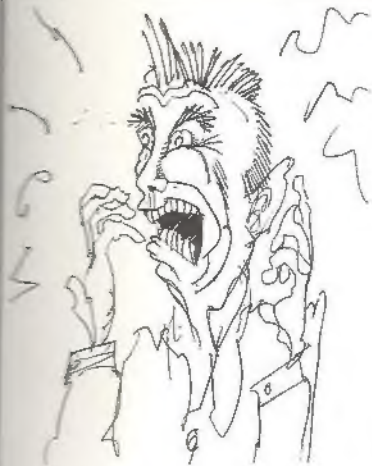


WE MUST PRAY FOR GUIDANCE FROM THIS LOST DRIFTING, LITTLE MORTY!



IT'D BE A LOT MORE HELPFUL IF YOU JUST FELL OVERBOARD, YOU FAT-ASS'D MORON!





MR. FENSTERMAKER ENJOYS
AN EVIL JOKE



EVERY MORNING HE
SHAVES HIS VOICE---



GARRP



